

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

WHAT ARE WE DOING FOR THE WORLD?

THE Prime Minister says that every one of us must examine his conscience now. It is a useful thing to do at any time, but no man knows how great a service it would be to human freedom if every one of us could search our own lives deeply in these days. Never did the fate of our country depend so much upon so many.

The great wars of the past depended on soldiers and sailors and powers far away. This war depends upon the common people and the power within our homes. It will seem an odd thing to the historian, perhaps, that the Scrap of Paper which was the symbol of the last Great War should in so strange a way have become the symbol of Victory in this. Then it stood for the honour of the written word; now it stands for what each one of us can give to the cause we fight for—the saving of our wealth and the saving of our waste.

The Scrap of Paper

There is no one in this country who cannot buy a scrap of paper from the Government and so help to buy our precious freedom and to save our money too; and there is no man or woman or child who cannot save a scrap of paper which will help to make munitions and shorten the war.

There never was a more powerful sermon on the text that we live all for each and each for all, for the war has brought us face to face with the fact that it depends upon every one of us. It needs not merely those whose brave deeds shine on land and air and sea, but the brave and patient multitude at home. If they should fail, not all our ships and guns and planes could save us.

And if we examine our conscience, as Mr Churchill begs us to do, do we find that we have as high a standard for ourselves as those who fight for us? They offer their lives. What is it that we offer in the cause on which our lives depend?

WE are failing our country and all that matters in the world if we are not giving ourselves and all we have to the great fight which we must win or die. Are we giving as much as the soldier who scorches in the desert or freezes in the snows, the airman who flies by day and night through perils beyond our understanding, the sailor who watches for danger lurking in the dark and lonely seas, the men who drift for days in little boats, or lie cut off from human help, or shiver on rafts with sharks all round? Every day and every night men do these things for us: what are we doing for them? Are we working our hardest in the factory? Are we saving our utmost in the home? Are we lending every penny we can spare to the Government which needs it so much? Have we put out all selfishness from our lives?

IT is the dedication of our lives to our country that we are called upon to make, and yet it is a little price that we at home are asked to pay—a little sacrifice of something we can do without, a little saving of

something we can spare until the Better Days, a little care in saving waste, a little manliness in facing danger or suffering or loss, a little sanity in seeing that the only way to get the world straight is to destroy this evil and not surrender to it.

Spring is Not Far Behind

Pitiful it is to see good men who bring dishonour on their faith by shutting their eyes to the terrible facts of the world. Willing to enjoy the blessings of peace, they will not pay the price. They will not bear their share of the burden of the world. They are willing that others should suffer to make life possible for them. The Calvary of human life is not for them. For them its ease, its comforts, its conceits and vanities, and the long years of peace when the strife is ended.

We may think we are not like these, and yet we may be selfishly withholding from this fight for life the inspiration that it needs. If there is a little more that we can do, a little more that we can save, a little more that we can give, our debt is not paid to the world.

THOSE who have come from the last century into this have come from a life of comparative ease into a life of bitterness and strife. They have seen their faith betrayed, their dreams broken, and the garden of life become a wilderness of chaos. But well they know that the misery that has come

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

Robert Burns

upon the world is as a shadow that will pass. If Winter comes Spring is not far behind. Well they know that happiness is still within the reach of the human race and will come again. Well they know the glory that awaits us when the powers of evil have been vanquished and freedom spreads her wings about the earth.

It is the vision of these coming days that sustains the faith of those who have seen the changing fortunes of this world. They have seen a thousand dreams come true, a thousand causes triumph against great odds. They are not cast down by the sudden rising of evil things or by the overthrow of kingdoms divided among themselves. They know that a strong man armed can keep his goods in peace and that the day will come when the forces of righteousness will be infinitely stronger than the powers of barbarism.

If We All Believed

It is the lesson of the last two generations that all are learning now—that in a world like this Heaven is not to be had for the asking. Peace must be fought for and wrought for. It is not enough that we should accept the fruits of the struggles of the past and enter into the reward; we must strive to finish the work of those who came before us. We must crown their labours with our own. We must be thinkers and doers and workers, and not copyists or loafers.

Again and again in the history of the world we have seen what one man can do, and what one can do why cannot millions do? Perhaps we do not believe enough. What would be the effect of fifty million people in earnest about one thing? Somebody was talking to a great criminal about the Man of Galilee, and that extraordinary man, hardened by a life of crime, listened and looked with amazement. "Do you believe that?" he said. "If I believed that I would walk through England on bits of broken glass to tell the people." Can we imagine what would happen in this country if every man believed in God like that—if every man believed in his country as much as he believes in his own little causes, his business, his party, his work, his pleasures, his profits? Nothing could stop the triumph of such a nation.

It is belief like that which will shorten the war and win it. It will gear up the nation to a hundred per cent. It will leave nothing undone that should be done. It will set every man and woman working where the work is best. It will scatter selfishness and idleness and waste to the winds.

So it is that the war depends on us, on you and me, on our cheerfulness and courage, our helpfulness and sacrifice. The world is carrying us on its back or we are carrying the world. The hour has come to strike our blow for freedom and the future. Let us pray it does not find us wanting.

Arthur Mee



A member of the Oldest Race in Africa, a young Bushman

One of the 175 photogravure pictures in Arthur Mee's Book of the Flag

Reproduced by courtesy of South African Railways and Harbours

DRAMATIC ADVENTURE OF THREE BLIND NAZIS

The Enslaved Peoples Who Will Conquer Hitler

HITLER has conquered many countries, we are told, but the truth is that these countries are preparing to conquer him. In their future history he will be nothing but a foul memory.

All the world knows how grateful the people of the enslaved lands are when they see the R A F flying over them, and how heroically they display their sympathy should one of them come down. All the world knows how German bullies sneak about the streets of these oppressed lands, fearful for their lives, and we have been reading that some of them are so anxious to know the real truth about Europe that they encourage the people to listen to the B B C in order to tell them the news. It is imprisonment or death if they are caught listening, but they listen.

Everywhere the V sign is seen abroad, promise of the day of Victory; and everywhere the industrial slaves go slow in factories, and work is wrecked by sabotage.

The Invisible Army

All this work goes on quietly, secretly, but in one of the oppressed countries there is open warfare of the most dramatic kind. It is in Yugo-Slavia, whose King Peter has made himself so popular among us. The Serbians have formed a regular fighting army which is proving a thorn in Hitler's side. It is led by Colonel Mihailovich, an expert in guerilla warfare, who has reorganised the broken regiments of the old army and led them into the mountains, where they hold a strong position.

They are known as the Invisible Army. When the telephone line of Belgrade is cut and the German commander calls it sabotage, it is the Invisible Army that has been at work. When Nazi soldiers are found dead in the streets, it is the Invisible Army. When the Germans announced the death of General Schroeder they forgot to say that he was stoned in the streets of Belgrade by the agents of the Invisible Army. When 25,000 German troops are withdrawn from the Russian Front to go to Belgrade, it is the Invisible Army that makes it necessary.

Nazi Appeal Ignored

A German General broadcast on September 14 that Serbia was on the verge of civil war, with robber bands cutting railway lines so that not a single line could be kept safe for distributing food. He begged all Serbian soldiers to return home, and promised that no reprisals would be taken. But nobody trusts a German anywhere.

Finding it hard to fight an army they cannot see and cannot reach (an army reckoned at 100,000 troops) the Germans tried to negotiate a peace in October, and one midnight General Dokich and two officers climbed up a footpath in the mountains outside Belgrade and kept an appointment that had been made for them for a twelve-hour armistice. The three Germans had promised to come unarmed, and did so. At a lonely point ten armed Serbians suddenly appeared, and the Germans were told that they would be led blindfold to the headquarters of the Invisible Army.

They were led for two hours along a mountain road, and at last found themselves in the presence of Colonel Mihailovich.

The Germans told him that his conduct was illegal, and that he had broken the word of the Yugo-Slavian Army when it capitulated. The Serbian colonel said he did not wish to go into the question of whether a German had any right to protest against a broken word, but he himself had broken no word. It was the Yugo-Slavian Army that had capitulated; but the Germans had broken their word by breaking up Serbia and creating an independent Croatia, and it was now the Serbian Army that was fighting and refused to be beaten. It would not cease its struggle until Germany capitulated or the last Serbian was dead.

Doughty Heroes

The talk lasted two hours and all the German bargaining failed to move the Invisible Army. The three Germans were blindfolded and rode back to their starting-point, and the war goes on, a war within a war, one of the most dramatic battlefields in Europe. The Invisible Army controls about one quarter of all Yugo-Slavia, and its men are among the doughtiest heroes in the Allied armies.

How eagerly they must await the day when the Allies will come knocking at the back door of Hitler's Europe, and, having flung the Nazis out of Africa, will drive them back to where they came from.

SWITZERLAND Now

From a Geneva Correspondent

It is very cold here, and the mountains are covered with snow. One would say it is full winter, but, alas, in winter it will be still worse. This morning my daughter went to fetch milk but was refused; no milk at all for today, and who knows what tomorrow may bring to us. Hard restrictions also for cheese, butter, and eggs. The eggs are nowhere to be found. Life has become so difficult and victuals so expensive that no one knows what to buy and what to eat.

Please to excuse the bad writing. My fingers are frozen and I can hardly move them. The heating must be very sparingly done, for there is hardly any fuel. Our drawing-room is so cold that it is impossible to sit there.

All Eyes on Africa THE EIGHTH ARMY MEETS THE NAZIS

In sandstorm and rainstorm, and with an array of tanks never seen in the world before, the British Army has met the German Army in North Africa.

The long-hoped-for second front has been opened, and opened in the best way of all to aid our gallant Russian allies, for we have swept forward with an ample equipment in modern arms of all kinds, having prepared for five months to strike in a quarter of the world in which victory will affect the whole course of the war.

Men of New Zealand, India, South Africa, and the Motherland, our Eighth Army, are fighting side by side in a titanic effort to drive the enemy back from the Egyptian frontier and smash the array of tanks there assembled with the Suez Canal and the Middle East as their objective. The Navy has been helping by bombarding the Libyan strongholds and by standing in the path of the reinforcements sent across the centre of the Mediterranean, and sinking transport after transport in spite of their powerful escorts.

The Time to Strike

As Mr Churchill said, the time had come to strike the hardest blow yet struck for final victory, and all have been waiting with bated breath, but elated hearts, the progress of our Eighth Army.

Two things gave great encouragement during the early days of the struggle. The first was our superiority in the air; the second, the excellent quality of the new American tanks, which, though smaller, proved more than a match for the German monsters, which were destroyed in scores. Tomahawk fighters and Maryland bombers from America have also formed part of the air fleet, and a few Americans have manned them, together with Canadians, Australians, Free French, and Norwegians, so that Libya is truly the battleground of the nations.

The first object of our attack is to destroy the armoured divisions of the enemy, for then a victorious advance westward to Tripoli will be possible.

Help For Russia

This will give us great advantages, for not only will it have removed the danger to Suez, and give us a more complete control of the Mediterranean with better bases for attacking Italy, but it will have an effect on the French, whose Colonial Empire in North and West Africa the Nazis are scheming to bring under their sway. Even in Spanish Morocco the overthrow of German power in Libya would have a vital influence in favour of the Allies. Turkey, too, would feel that the German threat was less.

There is, too, another important factor. Our army would be able to transfer its strength to aid Russia in the Caucasus.

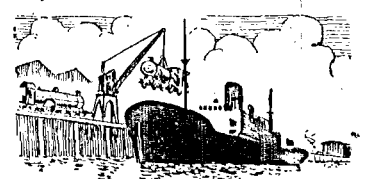
But victory in North Africa must come first, for here is the lower arm of that Nazi pincer designed to grip all our forces in the Middle East.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

A NORWEGIAN pastor has been put into a concentration camp because, when asked if he could find room to bury three Nazi soldiers, he said he would gladly find room for the whole German army.

A great crowd of Belgians attended the funeral of six British airmen who fell in Belgium, and a tablet on their graves pays a tribute of "gratitude to those who gave their lives for our liberation."

Mr Robert Blenkinsop is dead, but he will long be remembered, for he sang in church choirs for 70 years.



FIFTY LMS and 92 LNER freight locomotives have been fully equipped for service overseas and are being sent as fast as possible to help our Russian allies; and in the works of the Southern Railway 1000 goods wagons for Russia were made in ten weeks.

An SOS to the American Red Cross for 250,000 pairs of shoes for air-raid victims has brought 40,000 pairs already and a promise of the whole 250,000 by the end of the year.

WORKSHOP barbers have been set up to save the workers' time in two aircraft factories in the Midlands.

Over 40 trolley-buses built for South Africa are being put into service at Ilford; each bus seats 72 passengers.

Scout and Guide News Reel

LIVERPOOL Scouts have erected a thousand Morrison shelters.

Troop Leader Harry Griffin, a Holloway Scout, has been awarded a Certificate of Gallantry for saving a man from drowning in the open-air pool at Hornsey.

It has been estimated that over 100,000 tons of waste paper have been collected by Scouts since the outbreak of war.

THE 8th Plymouth Scout Troop have carried out 3600 hours of farm work during the past year; potato harvesting was one of their jobs.

The Assassins

INFORMATION has reached London that 680 young Dutch Jews arrested in various parts of Holland were sent to the concentration camp at Mauthausen in Upper Austria.

The numbers grew through the summer, but no information was given to the relatives of these people, and no parcels were allowed to be sent. Their friends in the Netherlands could do nothing to help them.

It has now become known that by the end of July about 130 of these people had died, and that by the end of September they were dying at the rate of 50 a week, so that now more than 400 out of 680 have been killed, either by bad food, bad conditions, hard labour, or cruel treatment. Most of them were between 18 and 35 years old.

Everywhere the Nazi murderers carry on their work. In Poland 82,000 civilians have been shot or hanged, and many

THE biggest mosquito in the world has been sent from Tucuman in Argentina to the Director of the National Institute of Bacteriology of Buenos Aires; the insect was put in a box and flown 714 miles in an air liner.

The Valiant Dog Decoration has been awarded by the Canine Defence League to Bacchus, the mongrel pet of the Free French submarine Rubis, for gallantry during the submarine's operations.

By limiting the issue of new telephone directories the Post Office will save 8000 tons of paper a year.

THE cement industry hopes that by salvaging some of the millions of paper bags in which cement is delivered throughout the country some 20,000 tons of paper may be saved.

3600 workers in the North of England are to give up their Christmas holiday so that their war work will not be interfered with.

600 Roman coins dating from the year 248 have been turned up by a ploughman at Emmeth in Norfolk.

As there is a shortage of toys for Christmas the London firemen are coming to the rescue; they have made 5000 toys already, nearly all out of bits of wood from bombed buildings.

Cement firms in Kent are to give Savings Stamps to 5000 of their workers' children for Christmas.

Mr Walter Stoneman, an old friend of the C N and one of our most famous photographers, has taken a splendid portrait of the Prime Minister which Raphael Tuck are publishing as a small card for hanging up.

The 1st Beaconsfield Guides have been regularly washing up at weekends in a Convalescent Home, where they were congratulated recently by the Queen.

The mobile canteen presented by the Girl Scouts of America to the Girl Guides of Britain has been handed over at New Barnet; it will serve a big North London area.

OF the 129 members of the old staff at Guide Imperial Headquarters 95 are now on National Service, their places having been taken by Guides under registration age.

thousands more have died in camps. In Greece about 1000 civilians have been shot, and in Yugo-Slavia the number is mounting towards 7000. In Czecho-Slovakia it was known that over 500 had been shot up to the middle of last month. In Holland 60 citizens have been executed, in Norway 14; and in France 250, the fate of 1000 other Frenchmen being unknown.

The Nazi murderers-in-chief are Himmler and Heydrich, and a watch is being kept on their doings by the Allies, the British Government having declared that they shall be made to pay for their crimes when the war is over.

THINGS SEEN

The Mayor and Mayoress of Bermondsey taking their places in a queue at a British Restaurant.

A hollyhock ten feet in height in a cottage garden at Bethersden in Kent.

Three Men From Australia

This story has been sent to us by a C.N. reader in Australia; remarkable though it is, nevertheless it is true.

AN Australian soldier in Crete who had been cut off from his regiment was plodding along a country road, hungry and exhausted and tired of having to hide every time he saw anybody.

He had not eaten for days, and finally decided to risk detection and beg food from the next peasant he saw. The next peasant appeared to be a very old man, hobbling along almost bent double with the weight of a sack he was carrying.

The soldier stopped him, and, as he could not speak Greek, told his plight by sign-language. The old fellow looked at his pathetic gestures in silence and then straightened his back and burst into a roar of laughter. "Why, lad," he said, "you look as if you might be hungry! Have some tucker!" He opened his sack, which was full of food, and it transpired that he was another escaping Australian, whose disguise was good enough to fool any Hun.

The pair joined forces and continued on their way to the coast. All went well until their food supply dwindled to

nothing and they became so ravenous that they could hardly drag themselves along. They saw a shepherd and a flock of sheep coming towards them, and the two Australians lay down in the road and made frantic signs to show that they were dying of starvation. The shepherd chuckled. "Well, boys," he said, "you can take a sheep apiece and eat it if you want to!" *He also was an escaping Australian!*

So the old man, the shepherd, and the soldier drove the sheep till they came to the sea, and it is good to know that there they found a fishing boat and escaped to safety.

FRIESIAN WAR BOND

As all of us in this country have our names and those of our parents recorded at the registrars' offices, so now nearly all the animals among the stock at well-conducted farms are registered by name.

The war has affected the type of name usually given to such animals. For instance, at a sale in Paisley recently a young Friesian bull had been named War Bond, and had realised the top price of the sale. This was in contrast to a previous sale of Friesian cattle held at Paisley, when a bull named Hitler proved so unattractive to buyers that its price was the lowest but one.

SOAP FROM COFFEE

Husks of the coffee bean are becoming more important than the coffee. In Brazil, which some years ago burnt quantities of its coffee, the new industry of the coffee husk has now reached immense proportions.

At Sao Paulo the factories now are turning out 18,000 lbs of Caselite, the plastic material made from the husks, every day. The price has fallen to sevenpence a pound, and from the material furniture and cheap wall panelling are made, while the by-products of the process provide oil for soap, gum for lacquer, and powder for the toilet.



The Peep-Hole

All boys and girls know what a fascinating sight is the inside of a fire-station. At Birkenhead in Cheshire glass panels are set low down in fire-station doors so that very little people may have an equal chance with their bigger brothers and sisters

THE CASTLE OF A DREAM

Titania's Palace is now on exhibition at Casa Loma, the dream house which has been taken over by the Kiwanis Club of West Toronto, and is being run for the benefit of poor children.

It was in 1911 that Sir Henry Pellatt decided to build his dream castle. He dearly loved the medieval architecture of England and Europe, and resolved to raise a sentinel of the Old World on the brow of a hill above Toronto.

There are nearly 100 rooms in this famous castle, and Sir Henry brought carvers and masons from Scotland to work on it. There is a panelled hall copied from one at Windsor Castle, a teakwood floor with no nails in it, and marvellous bronze doors leading into a library of 100,000 books.

Thousands of tourists visit Casa Loma each year, and Titania's Palace is an added attraction there.

PIGS 6000 YEARS AGO

From Tell Asmara on the Tigris, near Baghdad, comes news about the Sumerians who lived there 6000 years ago and were the earliest inhabitants of Iraq, long before Babylon was built. From the excavations there the bones of numerous animals have been recovered to afford hints of how the Sumerians lived and what they ate.

They fed on mutton, game, and fish, but were clearly fond of pork, for the bones of 14 or 16 pigs have come to light after being buried for 60 centuries. Among the bones of other animals found among the houses, palaces, and temples that have become one with the dust of ages are ten gazelles and three deer, as well as six sheep, five wild asses, and only two dogs.

THE MARK OF THE BEAST

It causes no surprise that the swastika should arrive in French West Africa, but it was there long before the Nazis adopted it as a badge, or the Germans were heard of as the blight of Europe. Its symbol has been found by Professor Theodore Monod in a collection of very ancient bronze Baule weights now in the French museum at Dakar.

The Baule people dwell on the French Ivory Coast, and are now on the whole a harmless tribe. It is sad to find such a relic of barbarism among them; but throughout the swastika's history it has generally been found in wild places and among savage people, from the Himalayas to the Alps, from Senegal to Berlin.

CHILD ALLOWANCES

Every step is welcome in the advance of the system of adjusting wages to family responsibility.

The Birmingham City Corporation has just arranged for its married workers to receive, in lieu of an increase of salary, 2s 6d a week for every child of school age. Surely this is much fairer than a general increase in pay for married and unmarried alike. We hope the system will be continued in peace and be copied by other local bodies.

AT MIAMI

It is an odd sight to see the passengers arriving at Miami by Clipper from South America, for they step out of the aeroplane, line up on the landing stage, open their mouths, and have their temperatures taken! This is to make certain that nobody takes yellow fever into the United States.

During the trip the stewards are on the warpath with sprays to make quite sure that no mosquito leaves the seaplane alive. So far only three live mosquitoes have been found aboard the Clipper.

A BLOT ON THE POST OFFICE

A week or two ago a Yorkshireman wished to withdraw some of his savings from the Post Office Bank. He filled up a form, and hoped to complete the transaction in the course of a few days.

To his surprise he received a letter pointing out that his recent signature was altogether unlike the one he had made months before. Could the Yorkshireman explain this?

"Dear Sirs," replied the north-countryman, "the only reason I can think of is that I made the second signature with a Post Office pen."

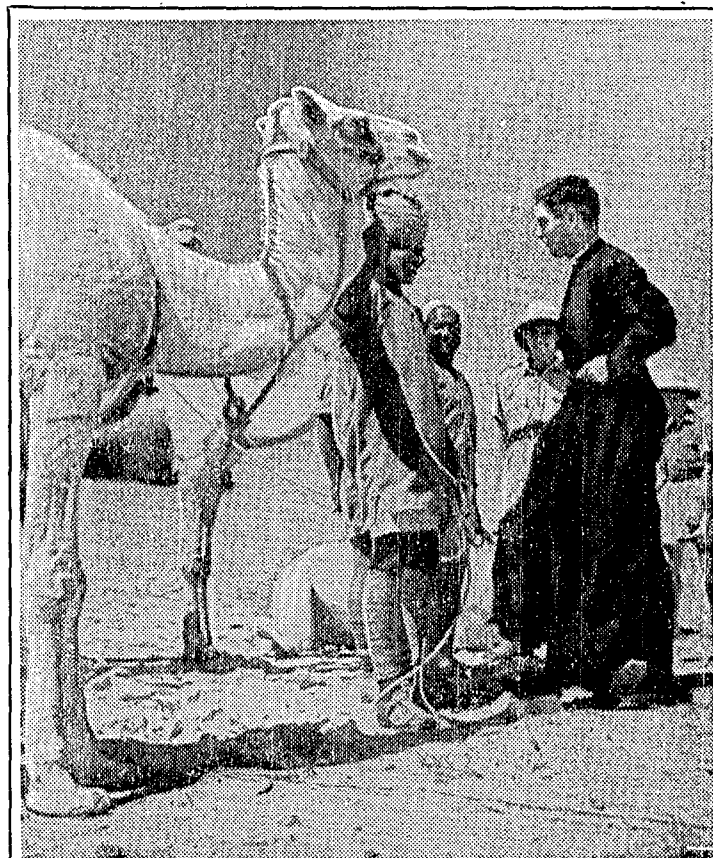
The money arrived by return of post.

A Rector and His Town

MR ARTHUR MEE's Suffolk, the latest volume of the King's England series, was praised from the pulpit of one of the county's finest medieval churches on a recent Sunday.

The words of tribute came from the Rector of Beccles, Revd Harold Birch, during his Civic Sunday service, at which the congregation included the Mayor and Corporation of the borough.

Mr Birch drew attention to Mr Mee's "very flattering and charming" description of this



In the Western Desert

The Padre chats with camel drivers after holding a service in the Western Desert, when an army truck was used as an altar

LIONHEART'S WAY

Men convicted of stealing from the cargoes of ships in English ports have been justly sentenced to severe imprisonment, and their conduct has been characterised by the Bench as an outrage against the nation.

Culprits such as these are lucky to escape trial before a man of the type of Richard Coeur de Lion, who, before setting out for his Crusade, took salutary steps to guard his cargoes against pilfering. He enacted a law declaring that "Whosoever is convicted of theft shall have his head shaved, melted pitch poured on it, and feathers from a pillow shaken over it, so that he may be known, and shall be put ashore the first land that the ship touches."

So tarring and feathering was in practice over 700 years ago, and the marooning of men more than five centuries before Robinson Crusoe was cast ashore by his fellows on the island of Juan Fernandez.

PAPER FROM OUR CORNFIELDS

Some paper is now being made out of straw in this country, about five per cent of the whole production of straw being set aside for this purpose. Care is being taken to see that the paper-makers use only wheat and barley straw, leaving oat straw, which is of finer quality, for the feeding of stock.

NEWS FROM A BUS

Overheard in a Yorkshire bus:
And how's yer dear owd dad, these days?

O, he's fine, and though nigh on seventy he says he feels as young as ever. He can see champion, and to look at him reading t' Children's Newspaper at his age does yer good.

UMBRELLAS AT CHURCH

At St Philip's Church in Camberwell, with its roof leaking and its windows missing, members of the congregation have sat with umbrellas over their heads during the sermon, and the parson and the men of the congregation still wear hats at the services. We know of other congregations in damaged churches who attend rugged and wrapped as for a journey.

What would not these chilly worshippers give for some of the old-time pews, with their stout roofs, their cushions and comforts, and fireplaces?

POOR COW

We hear that, after a British bomber had blasted a munitions factory in the Danish town of Skive, Dr Goebbels, in a panic, issued a communiqué saying no damage had been done except that a cow had been hit.

The local paper dutifully published the communiqué, and then commented simply: *The cow burned for four days.*

FROM JEWS TO CHRISTIANS

The tenth anniversary of the consecration of Bishop Scarlett of Missouri is being celebrated by a gift to his cathedral of a pair of doors. The gift is from Jews in the city who are grateful for the bishop's work in making Jews and Christians better friends.

The doors are not yet made, for the Rabbi wished to consult with the bishop about their design. One door will represent the Old Testament, with Hebrew inscriptions, and the other the New, with English.

December 6, 1941

The Children

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



WHAT PAUL SAID

We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are unseen are eternal.

NEVER have these words had so great a meaning as now, and never have they been more needed. We should do well to repeat them every morning before we hear the news or read the papers, and whenever we are in the Slough of Despond, or standing in the shadow of Doubting Castle, we may well remember them. Here is a truth to comfort us, words which are as a staff to a weary pilgrim and as rivers of water in a thirsty land.

How spectacular has been Hitler's rise to power! How bold has been his march through Europe! We should be stupid to attempt to belittle what the Gangster has done. His armies have carried all before them. His mechanised troops have crushed all opposition. His Quislings have humbled proud nations in the dust. Like a Colossus striding across Europe, he threatens Africa and Asia. He has already outstripped Napoleon. If we look at the map we are staggered by his conquests. He has smashed the Maginot Line, crushed the soul of Franco, battered his way through Greece, thundered eastwards, menaced our Atlantic

THANKS

MOST of us think it a sad day when the children leave home for a boarding school, but we hear of one small schoolgirl who, after the half-term holiday, said, "Well, goodbye, Mummy. Thank you for having me!"

JUST AN IDEA

Curious that the worst is always difficult to miss and the best so often hard to find.

shipping, and destroyed more buildings than any blackguard since the dawn of history.

And yet is it not true that unseen forces are at work for the fall of Hitler's puff-ball empire, and for the establishment of a New Order of which he little dreams? Is it for nothing that all over the world men of goodwill are cooperating, gathering strength, preparing for his annihilation? A speech by President Roosevelt may not be as spectacular as Hitler's marching on, but what unseen energies the speech may let loose! In Europe are millions of men and women patiently waiting for the clock to strike the hour of Hitler's doom. Strike it will, and as surely as deep currents flow through the sea, so surely will the tide of retribution flow across Europe. These forces are unseen, and it is easy to forget them, but they are there, and are increasing.

STILL deeper than these forces in the hearts of stricken people is the spirit of God working ceaselessly for what is right. Hitler may pit himself against it, but the mills of God, though grinding slowly, grind exceedingly small.

Let us have patience. Let us stand securely. Let us take courage. The time will come when we shall gather ourselves as a tiger for the spring, and through us the unseen powers of righteousness will be justified.

The Bird

OUR heart goes out to a young airman who, home on leave, was staying with friends in Scotland. There was a shooting party one morning and everybody was invited, the young airman with them. He went unwillingly, but was soon running across the field towards home, and, meeting his mother, he said, "Mother, I can't do it. I've been a bird too often."

A Bad Thing to Make Good

A DUTCH woman now living in a Kent village wished to get into touch with the local District Councillor, and so that she should know something of the working of local government in this country she asked several schoolchildren about it. She was surprised to find that they knew nothing about it. Finding the same ignorance among the grown-ups she was horrified.

In Holland all schools are taught about the way the country is governed, and this woman, now the guest of another democracy, had assumed that British children are also given instruction in local affairs.

Unfortunately, so little is known of local government in England that it is by no means unusual to find that villagers do not even know the name of the man or woman who represents them on the district council.

There is much work to be done in the country, not only now but after the war, if the countryside is to be governed as it should be, but local authorities can only work efficiently if they have the support and interest of the people.

Possibly if every boy and girl could be taught something of local government we should no longer hear reports, such as those which have come from two Kent villages this year, of parish meetings being attended by one elector.

A STUPID PHRASE

ONE little thing sets us wondering how long it will be before we get the world straight.

Again and again we see in the papers, and in public speeches, the ridiculous phrase, "If the worst comes to the worst." We are sorry to say that even The Times prints it.

And yet it surely is one of the most illiterate of all our familiar phrases, meaning nothing, and an obvious misreading of a perfectly sensible phrase: "If the worse comes to the worst."

The Comedian's Way

MANY CN readers will agree with the bishop who has written to the Daily Telegraph about the vulgarity of BBC comedians.

Many of the items, he says, are unhealthy and unclean, holding up public morals as if they were something to be laughed at and a fit subject for mockery. It is all perfectly true, and it is one of the pitiful things of our time that the BBC, with its immense power for good, has done so much to vulgarise our language and our manners. Why must a comic broadcaster be unpleasant, and pour into our homes vulgarity which we would not allow to come in in any other way?

The Airman's Answer

DURING a recent Rugby football match between the RAF and a local team somewhere in the North, one of the airmen fumbled the ball and allowed it to go over the line out of play. One of the spectators shouted out, "Yer none so nimble on the ball today"; whereupon the airman answered, "Neither would you be if you had been flying over Berlin last night."



Brothers in Action

A peep inside one of the gun pits of an anti-aircraft brigade which has accounted for a record number of enemy raiders. The two gunners in the picture are brothers

From Rangoon to Chungking

MISS MOONY, of the London Missionary Society, has taken five months to reach Chungking by the Burma Road, and the air-mail letter telling of her safe arrival took three months on its journey.

Miss Moody reached Lashio, where the road begins, quite easily. Then news of landslides and broken bridges delayed the start for six days. After going less than ten miles a lorry in front overturned into a ditch, so that night was passed in a house close by. The permit to cross from Burma into China took another three days to obtain. Once in China the lorry stuck in a muddy stretch of road and had to be unloaded and dug out. Another lorry was found to be overloaded and its bottom was giving way; then a deep rut held the convoy up.

So the party found itself benighted in the mountains, and the women slept in the cabins of the lorries while the men slept underneath. The next day the lorry pulled to one side to let the others pass, and gently overturned. It came to rest with

its wheels in the air, and another day was spent in putting things right, this involving another night in the cabin.

These are only one or two picked out of numberless incidents, but we can imagine such things happening to the ceaseless stream of munition lorries passing both ways, and it is therefore the best of news that the new Burma railway is well in hand. The engineering difficulties are enormous, for the line passes through one of the most mountainous regions of the world, which makes the Swiss railways seem like child's play. Gorges described as fearsome, mountain passes to be surmounted, rivers to be crossed, are difficulties more than equalled by the malaria of the country.

However, the Chinese are confident, the supply of labour is abundant, and the work is well up to estimated time. When finished, the saving in time and cost will have made the railway well worth while, for as things are it costs £100 a ton to carry goods by road and lorry from Rangoon to Chungking.

THE TREES ARE HELPING

A DECISION of forty years ago is helping us now to win the war.

It was at the beginning of this century that Canadian Forestry Stations began distributing trees free. Their plan was to plant trees on the treeless prairies so as to provide shelter and moisture, thus doing much to preserve the valuable farming possibilities of these spacious tracts of North America.

Since the scheme began no fewer than 200 million trees have been planted, mostly maple, ash, elm, willow, and poplar, and vast numbers of coniferous trees. These great belts of trees stand like peaceful battalions on 65,000 farms.

All this may seem to have little or nothing to do with the war, but the truth is that had not forest belts grown up in the Prairie Provinces of Canada our position would have been much more dangerous and much less satisfactory than it is. Lord Woolton would have found it difficult to find food for us if Canada had not been able to supply us with the vast quantities now crossing the Atlantic, and there can be no doubt that Canada would not have had such agricultural products but for the trees. Without them the dust problem, bad as it is, would have been worse, and the productiveness of these areas would have been much less.

Under the Editor's Table

A WRITER says he cannot praise American orators highly enough. Too good for words.

A LADY motorist has made a rug from wool taken off her poodle. Her dog is a car-pet.

MOBILE post-offices are being used. It is more than ever difficult to catch the post.

BUTTONS are never boring, says a man in the trade. Yet they need holes.

THE man who says he runs his office single-handed should try using both hands.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If the colours of the Italian flag have run

AMERICAN music has not yet found itself. Still looking for The Lost Chord.

WE hear that the A.T.S. girl who joined up as a clerk and was put in the cook-house literally boiled with rage.

MORE chances are needed for the best brains. And more brains to take the chances.

NOWADAYS people want to dance to soft music. But find it hard.

SOME boys do not like wearing a new hat. Put it off.

Natural History As It Should Be

THE STOAT COMES TO SCHOOL

THE scholars of Betteshanger School, Chipping Sodbury, have had an unexpected lesson in natural history which they will not forget.

It has long been said that that sleek little underground creature the stoat tries to mesmerise its victims, but naturalists have generally poooh-pooohed the idea. Be that as it may, the Betteshanger boys were interrupted in the middle of a history lesson by the headmaster entering the room saying, "Run to the window and look at a stoat." There it was on the lawn, performing marvellously, and there was much applause from the audience watching the spectacle from the windows. It is the head boy (H. J. L. Philipps) who describes the scene.

"At first, he says, the stoat made swift darts and turns, ever increasing its speed, and then began chasing its tail round and round, faster and faster.

The boys were not the only audience, for six wagtails flew

on to the lawn and watched intently in a half-circle. The stoat leapt into the air and turned a somersault, and it was all so exciting that half a dozen more wagtails came to watch, and indoors the class from the next room was called in to double the audience. The stoat went on dancing, and now threw a double somersault, which was greeted by a roar of cheers from inside the windows and by obvious enthusiasm from the wagtails.

The exhibition lasted about twenty minutes, and then the clever stoat began to play with the birds, making its way towards them often with sudden darts. But the birds were not to be caught. Old and wary, they got out of its way and began attacking the stoat, which eventually slipped off, little knowing the pleasure it had given to its delighted audience, and little dreaming that the story was to go round the world in *The Times* and the *C.N.*

NIL DESPERANDUM

THE reopening of the booking-hall at King's Cross was made the occasion of the gratifying announcement that, despite considerable damage during an air raid some months ago, not a single train to or from the station was cancelled.

That is the British railway spirit. The old Great Northern Railway was cradled in crises and nurtured on a diet of difficulties which seemed to be insurmountable. When the line was planned from King's Cross to York rival promoters assured Parliament that, as the route lay over a series of ridges and valleys, the engines would never be able to haul the trains up the Northern Heights of London, and that, even if they did, the greasy lines in foggy weather would prevent their completing

their journey. The pioneers were denounced as thieves for extracting money from the public for a scheme so outrageous.

A Parliamentary Committee, swayed by these arguments, actually rejected the proposals, but persistence won the day and the Committee's findings were reversed by Parliament. In the first 23 miles out of London were eight tunnels, the highest embankment, and the deepest cutting on the whole journey of 188 miles to York; but, in spite of these and the terrific gradients declared to be unmanageable, the line was completed, and in October 1852, after an expenditure of nearly ten million pounds, King's Cross was opened, and trains began the long career of service which no Nazi bombs have succeeded in stopping.

Our Old Friend of the Text Book

CHLORINE, once an enemy, has now become a friend known to all. We can taste it in the water we drink in towns now and then, for it is a great water purifier. It plays a part in making artificial rubber, and it is employed in cleaning clothes.

As an ally it comes into the ethylene glycol used to cool aircraft engines; it contributes to the lucite windows of bombers and to the anti-magnetic cables which frustrate magnetic mines.

A Magic Ointment For Hive & Orchard

BEFORE the bees retired for the winter a curious experiment was made by a scientist to secure from them the pollen they gather from the flowers while seeking for honey.

Bees were induced to make their way to the hive through a narrow screen-lined funnel which scraped the pollen from their wings. This yellow dust was then mixed with ether and lanolin to make a paste or ointment.

The expectation was that there was something in this pollen extract which would make

it scour the sides of battleships and performs other services that our chemists know well. It is cheap and easy to make out of sulphur and common salt, and so there will never be a shortage of it. Over a million tons were made last year, two-thirds of it in the United States, from where these figures are reported.

Who would have thought that this greenish, rather unpleasant gas we met in our chemistry lessons at school would go so far?

plants grow faster, and so experiment proved. A ring of the ointment put round the stem of a growing wheat was found to make it grow upwards nearly twice as far as before.

Evidently the extract is a great helper of vegetable growth, but this is not all. It can reverse the process. Properly applied, it makes seedless fruits, and, most useful of all, as at present known, the extract when sprayed in fluid form on orchard trees will restrain the buds from opening too soon and keep them safe from frosts in May.

HIS FORTUNE

HE was industrious and upright, and he built up his own fortune. He built it modestly and surely. He did not found it on the wealth which passes and beguiles, on lucre and on worldly gain; he made it up of good faith, of devotion to his family, of true friendship, and of love for letters and for the public weal. He had the joy of being good.

Anatole France on a friend

The Good Intention

IT has been more wittily than charitably said that hell is paved with good intentions. They have their place in heaven also.

Robert Southey

THE HAPPY CHILD

I THANK the goodness and the grace, Which on my birth have smiled, And made me, in these Christian days,

A happy English child.

Jane Taylor

12 Things Wrong in the 12th Century

The Twelve Evils of the age :

A WISE man without works.
An old man without religion.

A young man without obedience.

A rich man without charity.

A woman without modesty.

A lord without valour.

A quarrelsome Christian.

A proud pauper.

An unjust king.

A negligent bishop.

A lower class without discipline.

A people without law.

From a 12th century manuscript

A GERMAN CALLING

IF you have any faith, give me, for heaven's sake, a share of it! Your doubts you may keep to yourself, for I have a plenty of my own.

Goethe

Ancient Toast of the Scots

MAY the hinges of friendship never rust,
Or the wings of love lose a feather.

THIS I CAN DO

I CANNOT walk the spaces, count the spheres,
Call back the dead, or read the coming years;
But I can always help and cheer each day
Some poor old mortal on his weary way.

I cannot change the blackness of tonight,
And bring the brightness of tomorrow's light;
But I can greet small children whom I meet,
And lead them safely o'er the crowded street.

I cannot banish from the world its sorrow,
Nor do I know what is to be tomorrow;
But I can share what little I possess,
To comfort guiltless victims in distress.

E. Oxburgh

The Crown That Comes Too Late

A MAN works all his life, and thinks he has done a wonderful thing if, with one leg in the grave and no hair on his head, he manages to get a coronet.

Lord Beaconsfield

MANNERS

LIFE is too short to get over a bad manner; besides, manners are the shadows of virtue.

Sydney Smith



CARRY ON

THE CHIMES OF OLD ENGLAND

THE chimes, the chimes of Motherland,
Of England green and old,
That out from fane and ivied tower
A thousand years have tolled:
How glorious sounds their music,
As breaks the hallowed day,
And calleth with a seraph's voice
A nation up to pray!

Those chimes that tell a thousand tales,
Sweet tales of olden time,
And ring a thousand memories
At vesper and at prime,
At bridal and at burial,
For cottager and king,
Those chimes, those glorious Christian chimes,
How blessedly they ring!

Those chimes of England, how they peal
From tower and Gothic piles,

Where hymn and swelling anthem fill
The dim cathedral aisles;
Where windows bathe the holy light

On priestly heads that falls,
And stain the florid tracery
Of banner-lighted walls!

I love ye, chimes of Motherland,
With all this soul of mine,
And bless the Lord that I am sprung
Of good old English line.

And, heir of her ancestral fame,
Though far away my birth,
Thee, too, I love, my forest home,
The joy of all the earth;
For thine thy mother's voice shall be,
And here, where God is King,
With English chimes, from Christian spires,
The wilderness shall ring.

Bishop Cox of America

The Ice-Age of the Mind of Man

IF we can imagine a free people to have all but unanimously agreed on certain principles of faith and practice, and to require every school to teach them, as Rousseau thought that his State should have a civic religion with a civic creed to be enforced on pain of expulsion upon those who did not believe it, such a people might succeed in establishing a political orthodoxy which would stand for centuries, just as the Inquisition established a theological orthodoxy in Spain which lasted

from the days of Ferdinand and Isabella till Napoleon's invasion.

Each generation growing up in the same unquestioned belief would impose unquestioning acceptance on the next.

In our day, when every belief is everywhere contested, and intercourse between nations is unprecedentedly active, this may seem impossible, but an Ice Age may await the mind of man, as ice ages have from time to time descended upon his dwelling-place. Professor Bryce 70 years ago

THE GENTLEMAN

THE character of a gentleman (I take it) may be explained nearly thus. A blackguard is a fellow who does not care whom he offends; a clown is a block-head who does not know when he offends; a gentleman is one who understands and shows every mark of deference to the claims of self-love in others, and exacts it in return from them.

William Hazlitt

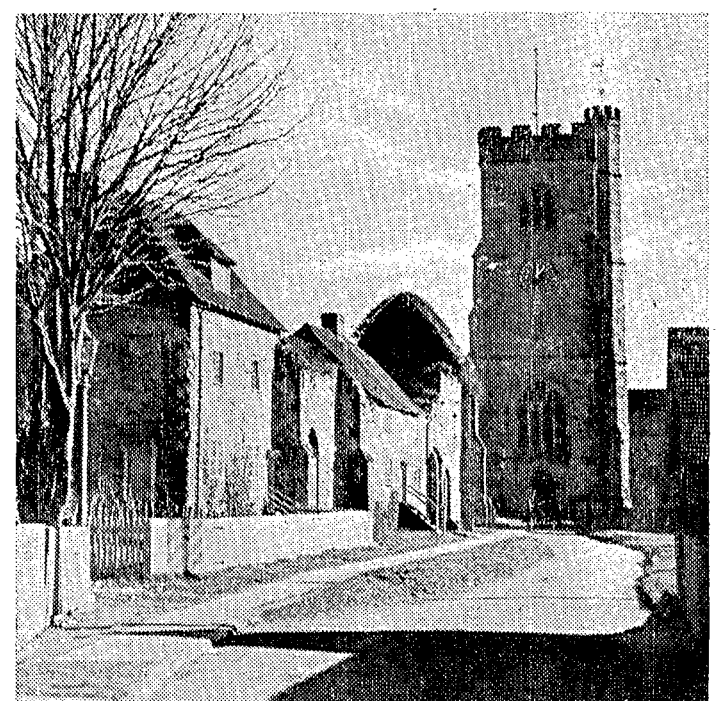
The Good and the Bad

THERE is so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it ill behoves any one of us
To find any fault with the rest of us.
By a Writer Unknown

DOUBT & CERTAINTY

IF a man will begin with certainties, he shall end in doubts; but if he will be content to begin with doubts, he shall end in certainties.

Francis Bacon



THIS ENGLAND Medieval walls and the old church tower in the delightful village of Charing in Kent

LITTLE SURPRISES OF THE MAP

It has been one of the surprises of the map to most people to find the truth about the actual distances between America and Japan.

There is a point where Americans can stand in their own country and actually see across the Pacific into Asia. The north of the Pacific Ocean narrows into the Bering Strait, which at one point is only 36 miles across, little more than the distance between Folkestone and Boulogne, and on a fine day the coast of one continent is plainly visible from the other.

From Asia to Europe

Perhaps more surprising still is the fact that a traveller can remain in Asia and yet look across the seas into every other continent except Australia. He can stand in Siberia and look across at Alaska; he can stand in Arabia and look over into Egypt or Eritrea; and he can stand at Scutari and not only look but shout to Istanbul. Asia and Europe are connected by land for two thousand miles.

The European can stand on his own continent and see two others; he can look across the Strait of Gibraltar into Africa, and from Istanbul across the Bosphorus into Asia.

More dramatic than this, however, was the feat of Francis Drake when he climbed into a tree on the Isthmus of Panama and looked one way into the Atlantic Ocean, from which he had come, and the other way into the Pacific, which he had never seen. A turn of the head took him from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

There are no views like this in the British Isles, yet we, too, have surprises, for we can see the Continent from Folkestone

on a fine day; and we can stand on Scafell in Cumberland and see four countries—Scotland to the north-west, Ireland to the west, England to the east, and Wales to the south-west.

When we come to study our atlas there are many geographical surprises for us. How many readers know, for instance, that part of Greenland is nearer the Equator than Shetland, that Scotland is as far north as Hudson Bay, that Britain and Labrador are in the same latitude, that the extreme south of America is 1000 miles nearer the South Pole than South Australia is, that the Union of South Africa and the Commonwealth of Australia are in the same latitude, that a large part of Australia lies north of the Zambesi River and the Victoria Falls, and that the same latitude embraces Cape Town and Sydney?

Who remembers that some of the Shetland Islands are as near to Norway as to Scotland, and that London is nearer to Spain and Italy than to Shetland?

Where is Edinburgh?

We may find another geographical surprise nearer home. Most of us think of Edinburgh as being almost due north of London. Really it is farther west than Liverpool or Weston-super-Mare, being actually 120 miles west of London.

In London itself there is a curious surprise of this kind. When we walk across Westminster Bridge to the south side of London we are inclined to think we walk in the same direction as in crossing London Bridge, but this is far from being the case. London Bridge runs directly north and south, while Westminster Bridge runs directly east and west, and is at right angles to London Bridge.

A Grenfell Stamp

One of the best portraits of Sir Wilfred Grenfell ever painted is to appear on the five cents stamp of Newfoundland next year, replacing the Caribou now used.

The portrait is by Bernard Gribble and shows Grenfell looking out from the bridge of his



hospital ship, a characteristic attitude of a man who always looked ahead.

The decision of the Newfoundland Government to place this hero on their stamp atones for the attitude of some previous Governments, which until 1924 were hostile to Dr Grenfell's requests for the placing of buoys, lighthouses, and so on, on the uncharted coast of Labrador. When at last the Government found they must take these matters in hand they realised that they could not do without the help of this intrepid missionary, whose name and courage are among the immortal possessions of Labrador.

Stamp collectors will be glad to learn that the Grenfell Association, 66, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1, will be selling "first covers" of this stamp at 2s each in aid of the funds which carry on Sir Wilfred's work.

The Cinaloes of Malpelo

With the Pacific approaches to the Panama Canal becoming so important, it is interesting to speculate whether the Colombian island of Malpelo will at last be called on to play a part in the affairs of man.

It is only a mile long and half a mile wide, but it has a fascinating place in history as the first Pacific island near America to be discovered.

Rocky and high, and difficult to land on, it might yet be made to serve a purpose for wireless or signals, or at least to keep away enemies of the Canal, which lies only 270 miles off. Malpelo was described within the century of its discovery by Antonio de Herrera, the Spanish historian, as a small island "where there are fine cinaloes," and for four centuries the world has been wondering what the phrase means. Men have landed there and found hand-hewn steps up one of the island's rocky faces.

The famous Peace Conference of Versailles brought Malpelo to the notice of nations; perhaps modern activities may renew its place in public interest and with more ambitious and permanent landings might reveal whether it really has "fine cinaloes," what, where, and how many they are.

Three Smiling Cities Under the Hun

THREE smiling cities of Russia, which together had a population of nearly two millions, now lie in ruins, with their remaining people starving.

They are Kiev, Odessa, and Smolensk, the biggest being Kiev, which with 850,000 inhabitants was the third city in Russia. Indeed, as the capital of the Ukraine it ranked second to Moscow as an administrative centre.

From its great antiquity Kiev has been called the Mother of Russian Cities, and its situation on the River Dnieper in the midst of magnificent scenery made it a source of intense pride among the Russian people. The wooded heights fringing the right bank of the river rise in places almost sheer from the water's edge, and across the wide stream and the islands formed by its branching arms on the left bank runs a handsome suspension bridge half a mile long. From the terrace of the Proletarian Gardens the inhabitants would gaze over the city, watching the new buildings rise.

For during the past 15 years Kiev has been developed as a great engineering centre and fine buildings have risen in the neighbourhood of the Pioneer's Square, gay with trees. Today the centre of the city is a burnt mass of ruins, the Russians themselves having mined every important building so that it blew up when the Germans entered. Many days passed before all the fires were put out, and even then the Germans never knew when a fire-bomb might explode.

A Beautiful Sea-Front

Odessa, with over 600,000 people, was not only the biggest Black Sea port of Russia, but also a busy industrial centre and a health resort. One of Odessa's most striking features is the beautiful boulevard running along the sea-front and approached from the city, 150 feet above, by a wide and imposing flight of steps.

Founded by Catherine the Second in 1795, Odessa became wealthy during last century by exporting wheat from the Ukraine, while sugar from beet has become an important export during this century. The buildings are comparatively modern and include a cathedral with spire and dome, Pentecost Church with five domes characteristic of Eastern architecture, Law Courts, and many schools, libraries, and hospitals.

Odessa, having endured a long siege and considerable street fighting, has suffered only a little less than Kiev.

Burned by Napoleon

Smolensk, like Kiev, stands on high ground overlooking the River Dnieper. Of its 300,000 inhabitants only one in ten remain to wander without hope among the ruins; for before abandoning it the Russians destroyed every house.

One of the towns burnt by Napoleon's Grand Army in 1812, before the Dictator met his doom at Moscow, Smolensk had in earlier days been taken and retaken in turn by Poles and Russians. A university was established here in 1919, and the 17th-century cathedral towers high above many a modern building, today in ruins, like the ancient city walls.

More tragic by far than the loss of all these magnificent buildings is the fate of the people unable to get away. Forced labour and the concentration camp is their doom, and the number murdered in cold blood is appalling.

To Keep Our Country Beautiful

It is good news to know that the conference started by Lord Reith to consider the question of Nature Preservation after the war has been getting to work.

There are three questions to be considered, says the committee: the preservation of rural amenities, the development of forest areas, and the preservation of animal and plant life for scientific knowledge and in the interests of education.

There are four ways in which these needs can be met: by National Parks for the free recreation of the public; by forest and wild life preserves to which the public would be admitted; by the establishment of areas to be kept largely as they are; and by the setting-up of sanctuaries for wild life to which only students would be allowed for study.

The committee urges that the recommendations of the report on National Parks issued ten years ago should be put into effect, and that an official body should be appointed to draw up details and establish a central body. It is a considerable move forward in a matter vital to the future of the country, and it is

encouraging to know that the conference continues in being. Its secretary is Dr Herbert Smith of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington.

The 1941 Report on National Parks, which the committee wishes to see put into effect, gave a long list of those beauty spots in our island most suited for preservation as National Parks. This list includes Dove-dale, the Peak district, the New Forest, Epping and Hainault Forests, Dartmoor, the Lake district, Exmoor, the Forest of Dean, the Yorkshire Moors, the Norfolk Broads, the Wye Valley, the Darent Valley between Lullingstone and Otford; Snowdonia, the Black Mountains, and part of the Pembroke coast in Wales; and the Trossachs and Cairngorm in Scotland.

The Piece of Paper

On Remembrance Day a poppy-seller outside a Folkestone cinema was handed a folded piece of paper by the manager of the hall, who said that a private soldier had given it to him after taking a poppy. The lady unfolded the paper and found it to be a cheque for five guineas!

BEDTIME CORNER

The Fairy Parasol

WHEN I crept out of the window the other day at dawn, I noticed that a little bump had come up on the lawn. It grew bigger as I watched it and pushed the grass aside (Well, it couldn't have grown quicker, however hard it tried). It looked like Mummy's parasol; the top was white, I think, And anyway I'm certain that the underneath was pink. I kept quite still and presently I heard a fairy say, "Oh, the Queen is sure to want this if it's very hot today." How I wish I could have waited to see the Fairy Queen, But I heard our garden gate go click, and in came Mr Green...

I climbed back through the window and nurse was still asleep, I was so afraid of waking her I simply had to creep. At 8 o'clock she came and said, Wake up, old sleepy head. I laughed inside, for she little knew I had been out of bed. When I looked out of the window I couldn't see the bump, I felt quite sad and in my throat I got an awful lump.



I had my bath and didn't want to splash about a bit, My new blue frock I love so didn't somehow seem to fit. And when I went to breakfast, oh, I was in such a state, For they'd cooked the Fairy Parasol and put it on my plate.



THE LABOURER IS WORTHY OF HIS HIRE

An Act of National Justice

*Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground.*

EVERYBODY will be glad that the farm labourer is to have his £3 a week. It is a piece of human justice long overdue.

We must think of these men as men whose toil keeps our country beautiful and fruitful; we have no better friends than those who work hard from dawn to dusk to grow our food.

And yet they have been meanly treated from generation unto generation. Time was when they were little more than slaves, the goods and chattels of the agricultural world. Twelve shillings a week was supposed to be enough for this man who toiled early and late to till the earth and feed the people. He was supposed to want nothing else, to live in his little village from year to year, from the cradle to the grave, bringing up a big family to follow the same weary round of life for the same scanty means of existence.

A Queer Experiment

There was an old village in Berkshire (now swallowed up in Newbury) which was known as Speenhamland. Few have heard of it, but it is a signpost in our social history, for it was the birthplace of a great experiment. This is what we read of it in the Berkshire book of the King's England series:

Speenhamland was the cradle of the system of the Poor Law Relief, and the scene of the first attempt in history to fix a minimum wage for poor workers. That was not found possible, but in what came to be known as the Speenhamland Act a scale of relief was established according to the price of wheat and the number of children in a family.

The idea was excellent, but never was good intent followed by more disastrous consequences. From Speenhamland the scheme spread far and wide.

It had been the farmers and other employers who whipped the men, imprisoned them, and branded them with red-hot irons. To avert riots systems of relief were practised which led to hosts of able-bodied men throwing themselves on the rates. Workhouses were established, and all who would not enter them were bidden to starve. But in 1795 the magistrates of Berkshire met together at Speenhamland and hammered out a new and revolutionary scheme. It became the practice to subsidise the rates and to pay wages out of it.

The Real Paymasters

Thus the poor law authorities, not the farmers, became the paymasters of the workers. The non-agricultural areas were helping to pay, out of the rates, the wages of the agricultural population. Men found it impossible to get work unless they were "on the rates," for if they were free and independent the employer had to pay all, whereas if he engaged a rate-aided man he paid only part of his wages.

To such an extent did this monstrous system spread that all thrift was killed. Men with savings and sense of pride were left unemployed until their savings were exhausted, and finally the greater part of the labour of the agricultural and industrial classes of the country was on the dole, and poor rate expenditure grew three times as rapidly as the population.

All that is over now, but for long years past the farm-worker has been little cared for, though it is more than half a century since Joseph Arch tried to make them feel that they were citizens of a great nation. With the decline of agriculture and the breaking-up of farms his interests were neglected to the point of danger, and what has happened now is that the Agricultural Wages Board has consulted county committees and agreed on a minimum wage of £3. It will give a new life to our farming population, and we may all hope that it will be the beginning of a more prosperous countryside.

A Map of Every Farm

Already the Ministry of Agriculture is making a new survey of the country, including a map of every farm, showing its possibilities.

Everybody is growing something now, and in the better days that are coming we must go on growing, tilling the earth and bringing out of it rich harvests of prosperity and happiness. It will mean that we must all pay more for our food, and it is reckoned that the rise in prices altogether will be between 15 and 20 million pounds. But we must hope that this will be accepted as part of the increased prosperity of the country which will come in the better days.

Our Rations

Those speakers and writers who refer to our rations as meagre would do well to remember that thousands of men, women, and children are better fed today than they have been for years. For the first time in a decade many men and women are in regular work and are able to buy sufficient food.

Even now there are many families which cannot afford to take their full rations of certain foods, but, owing to the fact that they are now earning money instead of drawing unemployment pay, they are receiving more and better food than in the "days of plenty."

The Goebbels Shriek

For a country which has won the war and conquered Europe the weekly shrieks of Dr Goebbels read very, very strangely. He has now returned to his attack on the Jews, and these are some of the things he says.

The Jews are our ruin; they plotted the war and brought it about.

Every Jew is a sworn enemy of the German people.

Whoever has any private dealings with the Jew belongs to him and must be treated as a Jew.

Jews have no right to pretend to be entitled to equal rights; whenever they open their mouths they must be silenced, because they have no right to speak in public.

When any Jew appeals to your feelings smite him with contempt.

Can it be that, after all, the Nazis are still afraid of the Jews they have been trying to crush for many years?

I V S P

During the last twelve months members of the International Voluntary Service for Peace have carried out some splendid work in this country.

In a recent C N we referred to their work for the Forestry Commission. As the planting programme at Kielder Forest was behindhand owing to an acute shortage of labour, the I V S P were asked to tackle 200 acres and they did so with a will, ten volunteers working long hours and planting 350,000 trees within a month.

Before the Croydon Corporation undertook the demolition and clearance of bombed sites the I V S P had begun on this arduous and dangerous task, dealing with 29 houses in seven months.

Another strenuous piece of work was the excavation of a trench 2800 yards long for a waterpipe to a hostel in the Lincolnshire Wolds which housed 30 young refugees.

Since July the Volunteers have been doing organised work in West Ham, demolishing blitzed slums, and volunteering in the various A R P and hospital services in that borough. In one district they have built an open-air theatre from salvaged materials, and many plays were performed in it during the summer.

THE OLD MILL GOES ON WORKING

Some months ago W. L., writing to The Times, told us that Hitler and Cromwell had both hit the family oil-mill, one with a bomb and the other with a cannon-ball. There had been an interval of 300 years, but Cromwell was the better shot.

Now the mill has been hit again, "but fortunately we have got another of Cromwell's cannon balls to hang on the other side of the office fireplace. Meanwhile, day and night, the wheels go merrily round."

A Blow at Hitler From Every House

TURN YOUR WASTE PAPER INTO MUNITIONS

MOST houses in this country have something in them that would help to beat Hitler. Has yours?

Even a scrap of paper has now become a precious piece of war material, for the Ministry of Supply is very short of it for making munitions.

An innocent thing it looks, a bit of paper, yet many bits make a ton, and a ton of paper is one of the most precious things we could put into munition works today. It is true we want paper for books, but far more urgently for such things as cartridge cases, shell cases, mines, tanks, wireless sets, and machine-gun belts. There are over 100,000 things that can be made for the fighting services out of a ton of paper.

The Ministry of Supply needs 100,000 tons at once, and a pound or two from every house will give it. It is surprising how much we can find if we look—bundles of old letters that are wanted no more, old calendars and magazines and broken-backed books, forgotten music sheets, packets of picture postcards, ancient catalogues and manuscripts, out-of-date timetables, odd rolls of wallpaper—how easy it would be to find about twenty pounds' weight of paper!

Books as Furniture

The C N has gone through its files and its bookshelves and its cupboards and its odd holes and corners, and has turned out three tons of paper and cardboard, and we have no doubt that our readers could turn out 300 or 3000 tons.

We do not like to spoil a book, but on every bookshelf there are volumes that could be spared,

that will never be read again and are there merely as furniture. Put them in the waste-paper basket. If you will look at many books you will find at the end a lot of advertisement pages, the publisher's catalogue. It used to be the practice of publishers to spoil books with these things, and is sometimes done today. If you tear these out neatly one by one the book will be no worse for it, and Hitler will be a good deal worse, for you will be adding your weight to the forces against him.

Scraps of Paper

We ourselves have found hundreds of pages of good paper at the backs of a very few books, and have torn them out, so that every one of these books now looks down from its shelf as if it were saying that it had done its bit for Freedom.

It was a scrap of paper that started the last war; it is a scrap of paper that will help to end this. Turn out all you can, and get it as soon as you can into the hands of the local authorities, which will collect it. The Scouts and the Guides will do it for you, or the local waste-paper man, or the local council. Get it to some of them, and send a big parcel soon. It is something that every one of us can do to shorten the war and make the world a decent place again.

Ask Daddy for a BSA and have the finest Bicycle in the School

BSA is better because...

It is as light as a feather, yet enormously strong. It stays shiny-new much longer. It goes up hills easier and faster. It has special Staychrome plating and special Duragleam enamel. Every single part is perfectly finished. Expert cyclists choose B.S.A.

Write today for free catalogue to: B.S.A. CYCLES LTD. (Dept. NT/12) BIRMINGHAM, 11

THE BRANT TUB

The Children's Newspaper

December 6, 1941

EXTRA

HOTEL PORTER: "The man in room 13 said the roof leaked when it rained last night."

Proprietor: "Good! That means two shillings extra for a shower-bath."

Linguist

THERE was an old lady of Looe
Who cherished a pet cockatoo.
She taught it to speak
French, Latin, and Greek,
And sent up its name to "Who's Who."

BREVITY

"Look here, Tom!" said May.
"Here is a very curious address,
and those clever post-office people delivered the letter quite safely."

Tom took up the envelope, which was addressed as follows:

JAMES
TON
ENGLAND

Can you make anything of this strange address? Tom couldn't; and when he gave it up, May, who had been told the secret, said it was

JAMES OVERTON,
ANDOVER,
ENGLAND.

Nickname

A MAN called his little girl
Margarine, because he had not
any but her.

THIRTY-FOUR

THE magic property of figures is always of interest. This combination square of figures is a clever arrangement which, added up, gives a total of 34 in no less than 20 different ways.

The four corners added together make 34 ... 1 way
The columns from top to bottom ... 4 ways
The columns from right to left ... 4 ways
The columns added diagonally ... 2 ways
Adding up four adjoining squares in all possible ways ... 9 ways
Giving a total of ... 20 ways

9	16	2	7
6	3	13	12
15	10	8	1
4	5	11	14

How Sir William Herschel Wrote His Name

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL, though born in Hanover, ranks as one of England's greatest astronomers. He came to England at 17 with a German military band, and settled in Bath as a music teacher. There he made himself a telescope and

Wm Herschel

attained celebrity by the discovery of the planet Uranus. Thereafter he became private astronomer to George the Third. His sister Caroline and his son John (afterwards knighted like himself) were also astronomers of distinction. Herschel was born in 1738 and died in 1822.

NOSE SHORTAGE

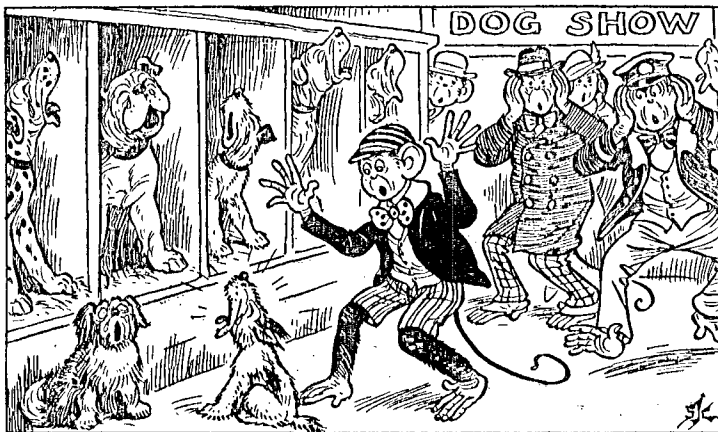
A SMALL boy we know came home from school the other day and boasted that he had been fighting. "I am sorry to hear it," said his mother.

"Well," said the boy, "Tommy hit me, so I hit him back."

His mother shook her head. "The Bible says that if anyone hits us on one cheek we are to turn the other," she said reprovingly.

Our little man considered this for some time, and then remarked: "Well, Mummy, what could I do? Tommy hit me on the nose, and I hadn't another nose, had I?"

Jacko is Done



JACKO declared there was no dog in the world to compare with Bouncer; and when a dog show was advertised in the village he gave his pet the most complete "wash and brush-up" the poor, patient creature had ever had. But, for some reason known only to himself, Bouncer took a dislike to the other competitors the instant he caught sight of them. He set up a howl, and nothing could stop him. You never heard such a racket! Jacko had to take him home.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Venus is in the south-west, Mars is in the south, and Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus are in the south-east. In the morning no planets are visible. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 10 o'clock on Sunday night, December 7.



Do You Live in Dorset?

DORSET is generally believed to mean a settlement among the thorns, and is no doubt a reference to the former character of that county. Some scholars, however, believe that the name comes from a chief named Durotriges, who lived in that part.

Tongue Twister

I CANNOT bear to see a bear
down upon a hare.
When bare of hair he strips the
hare, for hare I cry, "Forbear."

The Archbishop's Riddle

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY made up this riddle, and, it is said, offered £50 for its solution:

When from the Ark's capacious round

Mankind came forth in pairs,
Who was it that first heard the sound

Of steps upon the stairs?

No one, however, could give the correct answer, which the archbishop himself supplied later:

To him who cons the matter o'er
A little thought reveals:

He heard it first who went before
Two pairs of soles and eels.

VAUDEVILLE

VAUDEVILLE originally meant a light, gay song, but it is now used as meaning an entertainment introducing a number of songs. The word is derived from Vau-de-Vire, the name of two valleys in Normandy, where, in the fifteenth century, a French poet composed songs that became popular and were called Vaux-de-Vire, after the valleys.

Ici on Parle Français

Arras

En 1640 les Français assiégèrent Arras. La garnison espagnole, croyant la ville imprenable, écrivit sur une des portes cette inscription moqueuse:

"Quand les Français prendront Arras, les souris prendront les chats."

Cependant, les Français donnèrent l'assaut et s'emparèrent de la forteresse. En y entrant, les soldats de l'avant-garde lurent l'inscription, et l'un d'eux allait l'effacer, lorsqu'un sergent de grenadiers l'en empêcha. Il se contenta d'effacer le "p" du premier verbe, et on lut alors:

"Quand les Français rendront Arras, les souris prendront les chats."

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Changed Letters
Sale, gale, sole,
sage, salt

Rations. 90 days

C	R	O	C	O	D	I	L	E
A	C	A	P	E	S	E	V	
B	E	A	N	E	W	R	A	
L	E	A	R	R	E	D		
E	S	P	A	D	E			
A	T	E	A	P	T			
A	R	E	A	W	E	A	R	
M	E	R	C	E	N	A	R	
P	A	N	E	S	L	O	E	

Coughs, Colds & Kiddies



It is no exaggeration to say that at least half of the coughs and colds caught by kiddies could be avoided. Many mothers make the mistake of coddling their children instead of taking care of them. They forget that too many bedclothes are as bad, if not worse, than too few and that it is very easy to expose a child to the risk of 'chill' by dressing it in too many 'warm things.' Fresh air never hurt anyone—but sleeping or playing in a stale atmosphere, especially with other children, is a common source of colds and infection. The children who suffer least from colds and coughs are those who enjoy these few simple conditions:

1. The minimum of clothing to ensure even warmth.
2. Unlimited fresh air.
3. Freedom from constipation.

The fact remains, however, that despite experienced care an occasional cold is almost inevitable. The only thing we can do is to be prepared for it when it comes.

Make Your Own Cough Mixture

Here is a real old-fashioned remedy for Coughs and Colds, which can easily be made up at home and is ideal for children because they like its pleasant taste, yet it brings better results than anything you've ever tried. Heat half a pint of water, to which you add one ounce of Parment (Double Strength), which is made up from ten of the most healing and soothing ingredients and is obtainable at any chemist. You may sweeten the mixture to your own taste with any one of the following: a little sugar, or one or two spoonfuls of syrup or juice from jam or tinned fruit. The whole makes a pleasant-tasting mixture which brings immediate results from the most stubborn coughs and colds and is particularly good for children. Dosage: Children, 8-12 years, 1 dessertspoonful; 4-8 years, 1 teaspoonful; adults, 1 tablespoonful—each four times a day. Cut out this recipe to remind you of the dosage and the simple method of preparation.



"FOUNTAIN PEN" ACTION

The Gillott Nib with the new "Inkeduct Reservoir" attachment (Pat. No. 477466) gives fountain pen action with advantages of Gillott's Stainless Steel Nib. "Inkeduct" opens for easy cleaning. Supplied with four patterns of nib.

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RUSSIA IS NOT COMMUNIST

Boy. Suddenly everyone is talking about Russia; they say she is a Communist State. What does that mean?

Man. No Communist State exists in the world; Russia is not Communist. It is so common for many people to write without knowledge that we ought not to be surprised at any absurdity we see in print.

Boy. What is Communism?

Man. Communism means the common ownership of all wealth, private ownership being abolished.

Boy. Wouldn't that be very difficult to arrange?

Man. Yes, so difficult that all attempts to establish it have failed. In America quite a number of communities sought to work out the principle, but all faded away.

Boy. Then what is the Russian State?

Man. It is a Socialist State, with a written constitution which sets out its principles but not its methods, which are very complicated. The Constitution of 1936 has no less than 136 articles, and its main principles are easily stated. The Soviet Union guarantees the Russian citizen the right to work, the right to rest, free education,

The Boy Talks With the Man

and free speech. It does not allow any private person to employ another to make profit out of his labour. The land and industries are State-owned, but some are often worked by public trusts. The farms are either State collective farms or run by cooperative bodies.

Boy. So that a private person cannot own a farm or factory?

Man. That is so, yet while he cannot own property to yield him unearned profits, he can acquire proper personal possessions, such as a house, furniture, musical instruments, clothes, books. Modern Socialists, and not Russians alone, all agree that personal property is true property—things an individual can use for his own personal comfort and dignity. Thus, on the collective farms, every worker is allowed a house of his own, and land for a cow or pig.

Boy. Are all people in Russia held to be equal?

Man. Yes and no. While the constitution speaks of equal basic rights, in practice wages are unequal,

and deliberately worked on a basis of payment by results. This is little realised outside Russia. Our own trade unions, like those of America, have always opposed payment by results, as breeding inequality and injustice. But in Russia the head of the State has laid it down in plain words that in practice Soviet work is all done subject to the offer of special incentives, the chief of which is payment by results in the form of a premium bonus for exceeding the normal amount of work.

Boy. When was that begun?

Man. This bonus system was started in 1935 by a Russian miner, and is called by his name, *Stakanov*. Stalin himself calls it the "most vital and irresistible movement of the present day." The idea is incorporated in the Soviet constitution in these remarkable words: "From each according to his ability; to each according to his work."

Boy. Has much progress been made?

Man. Undoubtedly. Production has greatly increased in every department, and Russia is marching on to power beyond the dreams of the Tsars.



Mother! Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

When your child is constipated, bilious, has colic or diarrhoea, a teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative sweetens the stomach and promptly cleans the bowels of poisons, souring food and waste. Never cramps or over-acts.

Children love its delicious taste. Ask for 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for infants in arms, and for children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere. Mother! You must say 'CALIFORNIA.'